nationalistic tendencies. One of the most extreme women who possessed these qualities was that renowned national heroine, Queen Teuta of Illyria.

The same proud and patriotic attitude exists throughout Albanian history in her women. They have been known to make supreme sacrifices willingly for the cause of Albania's liberty and independence. When the Sultan's armies marched upon Scutari, it was the women who gave the alarm and urged their husbands and brothers into battle. When men fell mortally wounded the women filled the gaps and fought courageously. They carried the mutilated bodies of their loved ones and tenderly cared for them, while others urged the warriors on into the fray. It is also related that should a husband, son or brother turn their backs upon the enemy, they are refused entrance into their homes. Albanian women do not tolerate cowardice.

This selfsame indomitable will power and courageous spirit was portrayed in the mother of Ali Pasha Tepelene of Janina. It was to her that he owed the success of his early youth, paving the way for his illustrious career in later years. His mother, the noble

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Fear stalked through the camp in these last days, but Abas Kupi remained calm to the end. His kindness to us was unfailing; and never by word nor deed did he betray any sign of resentment against his treatment by the British Command. He understood that we were his friends, and always spoke of " our defeat " as if to show that he still identified us with his cause. We had come to know him well during these seven months in which we had so often broken bread together and slept under the same roof, and our respect for him had only grown with intimacy. No man can be great from morning until night, but there was in Abas Kupi a power of leadership, a natural wisdom, and a generous temper which endured the searching test of daily scrutiny. Courage, cunning, energy, and patience are necessary qualities in a guerilla leader, but Abas Kupi's peculiar genius lay in his skill in manipulating men, and in the natural pragmatism of his outlook. He seemed to know just how far each man could be used, and had reduced to a fine art the methods of making others serve his purposes. He would appeal with more than feminine intuition to whatever was strongest or weakest in each individual; and so personal was his technique in these matters that he would never speak with more than one man at a time. Trusting seldom, he could seldom be betrayed; but, if suspicion prevented him from delegating authority, his achievements were perhaps the more remarkable in that he was alone the indispensable heart and nerve-centre of an otherwise invertebrate movement.

He might understand by intuition; he judged only by results; and indeed it often seemed to us that he was deaf to argument and blind to a man's intentions. Such objectivity was proof alike against the sentimental appeal of a demagogue, the scrupulous hesitations of a moralist, or the fine-spun controversies of professional politicians. It was perhaps the real secret of his power, and may explain how an illiterate and primitive tribesman could command the support of intellectuals and could defeat, through four long years, the wiles of a Mustafa Kruya and the casuistry of the missionaries of the Comintern. The soundest calculation, however, proceeds in the last analysis from some act of faith; and trust in British

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power was the first article in the Agha's creed. His desperate situation might suggest that he had been mistaken, yet he still believed that his defeat was only a temporary reverse.

In the long hours of waiting we spoke together more freely than in the past, and our conversations ranged beyond the daily problems of war and politics. The Agha's philosophy was simple and earthbound, and he told me once: "We make our own heaven or hell here, in this world." He regarded power as the greatest driving force in men's lives; for experience had taught him that its possession was the necessary condition of personal freedom and of all good or evil action. In the bitterness of defeat he blamed the weakness of his allies more than the malice of his enemies, but showed the same objectivity in his opinion of people as in his judgment of affairs. A deep distrust of human nature led him to view opponents and supporters with the same detachment, and to judge them solely by their proven records, or their qualities of companionship. Enver Hoja he despised as "a fool", but he spoke with respect of Ymer Dyshnitsa and Seifullah Maleshova, and always referred to Mustafa Jinishi as "my friend". Likewise he spoke with sympathy of Mustafa Kruya, his would-be murderer, and we were once astonished to hear him call Mark Joni Markai "a good boy". As a leader he deplored the fatal suppleness of the Ballist chiefs, but as an ignorant man he bowed before their erudition. He smiled at Muharrem's vanity, and, if his affection for Gani might sometimes seem tinged with jealousy, he often told us of the "brotherly kindness" with which Gani had received him in Belgrade. Gratitude is rare in politics, but, if the Agha could not always reward kindness, at least he never forgot it. He loved the way of life of the tribal anarchy, and deplored the rise to power of new men who had never known, and would not respect, its personal freedom and ancient code of honour. Yet even his regrets were tempered by an instinctive sense of historical proportion; and once, in a more philosophical mood, he told us:

"You know we Ghegs have exploited Albania for generations. Perhaps it is only right that the Tosks should have their turn."